200B STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. the Banker's Satchel That I Helped to Carry Of Into the Hills.

Courtely, 1893, by Charles B. Lanks. piked John Drew from the first time I saw him. He was then a man about 40 years old, hed a hardsome wife and a child 2 years old, ud was a private banker in a town not far and was a private marker in a town not lar from the capital of New Mexico. As secretary and treasurer of a large freighting company I had business dealings with Mr. Drew which had business deatings with Mr. Drew which entined for over two years. Although con-ducting a private institution, his bank was considered as safe as any in the country, and during a business career of nine or ten years se had made hosts of friends and considerable notes I was often a visitor at his home.

I was a young man, just making my starc in

te, and I took John Drew for an example and Me, and I took John Drew for an example and guide. If any man had told me that he had a disherest nair in his head or could do a wrong, that man would have been my enemy. My liking for the banker was returned. It is pare that a man of 40 and a loop of 20 strike up a close friendship, but it was true of us. le gave me the advice a father would, and his friendship and interest was so marked as to

benefit to me in a social and financial way. In July of the third year Mrs. Drew and the child went East, to be gone for a couple of months. Within a few days thereafter the banker began talking to me about taking a banker began talking to his before opening the fortnight's vacation. Even before opening the subject to me he had gone to invemployers and suggested the idea, and as I had not lost day for over two years and was really in need of a play spell, they cheerfully granted leave of absence. It was arranged that we should go up into the Taos Mountains to fish and bunt and have a good time generally, but to my surprise, after we had made our plans, Mr. Drew said to me:

I shall have the bank in charge of Mr. Wil-Hams, the bookkeeper, and everything will go

Drew said to me:

"I shall leave the bank in charge of Mr. Williams, the bookkeeper, and everything will go on as usual, but it will be wiser not to mention the matter of my going. I need a variation, but people have an idea that a tanker ought to stick right by the shop. If it is known that ham going there will be more or less gossip, which I wish to avoid.

I say I was surprised, but yet it seemed all right, and the idea of questioning his motives never entered my head. By his navice t told them at the office that I was going up into the mountains with a friend, but mentioned no names, we wore to make our start on the 20th of July, which feel on Saturday. The weather had become but, and we had a ride of 20 miles to the foothills. Therefore it seemed befrecily right and proper again when the tanker said: We had better not make our start until after dark, when we shall have it cool and nice. You come at about 71:00 octock, and you will find me waiting for you at the stable. We will take my borse and wagen and send them back by some one to motrow.

As to the outfil, I was not to furnish anything but such finearms as I desired to take along. The banker insisted on supplying all else. Fleared up everything at the offices on Saturday, gave my substitute full directions and banked about SO.00 in green backs. At the bank I was about to speak to Mr. Williams in relation to our true when Mr. Drew suddenly end almost radely interrupted. It struck me a bit queerly, but I laid it to his nervous assamble testing away and always drove to and fro. The horse was hitched to a light wagon, and I noticed that the vehicle contained a lond of a nekages and bundles.

Barkness was earning on, and the streets of the lown were pretty well described and in getting out we did not pass any one who saluted as For the first half hour of our journey the demeanor of the bankar puzzled me I was soon as charty and enthusiastic as I had ever found him, We had talked about going north to reach the mountains the had arranged things in the wag on

starting a fire, and you may turn to and help set breakfast."

We wore in a thicket, with a range of mountains to the east and a river to the west. The fiver wheat our feet, but the mountains were two or three miles away. The harness hung on the limb of a tree, but the horse I could not see. I expressed surprise at his selecting such a camping spot, and the banker replied that it was only a halt for breakfast. I now saw the contents of the wagon for the first time by daylight, and there was cause for wonder. There were two blankets, two baskets of food, and two rides, but no tent and no lishing outfit, while the only cooking utensil was at in codes not. I couldn't see how we were to make ourselves comfortance with such a greater outfit, but askes ho questions, and Mr. stin coffee pot. I couldn't see how we were to make ourselves comfortable with such a breage outfil, but asked no questions, and Mr. Drew volunteered no information.

Time was one more article in the wagon. It was large, old-fashioned satchel, and it was full to bursting, and had two straps buckled mound it so that it could be carried as a knap-

mound it so that it could be carried as a knap-sack. The banker had greeted me pleasantly shough, but his demensor soon changed, and I couldn't tell what to make of him. We are our treakfast in silence, but then I made bold to ask him if I had in any manner given of-fence, or if trouble had come upon him sud-denly. He sat looking into the thicket for a minute before he answered: I was about to explain matters to you. Do you know what that satchel contains?

you know what this satchel contains?"

No."

Money—greenlacks—gold—over \$50,000 in all. I have robbed my own bank and am leaving home, family, and country forever! I have been planning this thing for years."

I was doubt with astonishment, and without looking up or clanging his tones be continued:

"This vacation is but a blind, I left on Saturday night so as to get a long start. I brought you along because I wanted company in the widerness. It is a matter of 1000 miles from here to Fi Paso, with hard and dangerous travelling, and you are to go with me."

I sat and stared at him and wondered if it were not all a dream. He had spoken very seriously, but I could not credit him. I was about to say so when he turned full upon me, and then I knew the worst. The man was insands trenthed, and his nical expression had undergone a wonderful change. He sat thus for a minute, and then a look of deceit and cunding came into his face, and he laughed and ex-taimed:

Dou't look so sober, my boy! I've robbed only the rich, who won't leel the loss, and I'll go halves with you. We il get out of the country, and I'll send for my family and we'll have agiorious time. Come, let's be moving."

or a limite, and then a look of deceit and cunning came into his face, and he laughed and exclaimed:

Don't look so sober, my boy! I've robbed only the rich, who won't teel the loss, and I'll go indive with you. We'll get out of the country, and I'll send for my family and we'll have aglorious time. Come, let's be moving.

Tou will not be surprised that I didn't know what to do under the circumstances. I might have holted through the thicket, but my rifle was in the wagon, and I had no idea where we were. Under his direction I removed everything from the wagon, placed the harness in it, and he then draw it over the fire. The horse had probably been turned loose, as I saw his tracks later on. When the wagon was well after the banker loaded his rifle, motioned me to do the same, and then lifted the satched on my shoulders and made it fast. Its weight was near fifty pounds. I should say. He took bakers and blankets, and we set off for the mountains. In his cunning he ordered me to do the lend. We kept down the bank of the Mer, which was the upper Rio Grande, for several miles and then crossed a narrow valley and reached the mountain chain, which extends from the Colorado line down to Las Cruces. A noon I thought we had made about twelve miles. As we halted to get a hite toeat, the Other camp. I had led the way and selected the route, and he had followed like a dox at my brees. After I had lighted a fire and get the code on he said:

\*\*No are good friends, and let us have no

setel the route, and he had followed like a log at my heels. After I had lighted a fire and log at my heels. After I had lighted a fire and log at my heels. After I had lighted a fire and log the coffee on he said:

No are good friends, and let us have no are of this. Let us laugh and be polly as we to along. You can leave me if you wish, but I now you wouldn't do such a mean thing. Shall we suik or be merry?

Long before this I was satisfied of his insanctive in the said partly made up my mind what course to pursue. I answered him promptly fad peasantly, without reference as to what ead passed, and we were soon chatting away in the friendliest spirit. There was no heartiness in his laughter, however, and I could not help but mark the siy and crafty look on his face. That afternoon the way was very rough and the weather hot, and at 5 o'clock I told the lanker I could go no further. He had by far the heaviest lond, but was continually arging me onward. I estimated the distance from our first camp at twenty miles, and after supper he grew quite polity and triendly. He said he was sorry to have deceived me, but now that we had got safe sway from pursuit. I might return to town, though I must promise not to tell where I left him, bane or insane, he knew that we were fifty or sixty miles from town, in a portion of the country strange to me, and that I waild not dare the chances. Had I started off he would not share the chances. Had I started off he belo but mark the siy and crafty look on his lace. That afternoon the way was very rough and the weather hot, and at 5 o'clock I told the banker I could go no further. He had by far the heaviest load, but was continually arging me on ward. I estimated the distance from our first camp at twenty miles, and during the day we had not encountered a soul, he reluctantly consented to camp for the night, and after supper he grew quite poly and trivially. He said he was sorry to have deceived me, but now that we had got safe sway from pursuit I might return to town, though I must promise not to tell where I ight land. Sane or insane, he knew that we were fifty or sixty miles from town, in a portion of the country strange to me, and that I would not share the chances. Had I started off he would probably have shet in down.

That the latt before I short I planned what to condition if I had the lead. I would gradually turning the had not know its direction. If I had the lead, I would gradually turning the day went and the reason of the connection of the canties, and if he failed to support the load of the latter than the latter t

next morning when we were ready to set out, but what did the cauning raseal do but take the lead himself and hold to the south! He also took charge of my rifle, and all I could do was to follow in his footsteps. On this day we reached the crost of the range and probably travelled fifteen miles, and our demeanor toward each other was that of friends.

When night came again, I determined on another plan, and the first signs of daylight saw me putting it in practice. Mr. Drew had used the satchel for a pillow, but his head had slipped off, and he was sleeping soundly. I made up a package of meat and broad from the baskets, got hold of my rifle and the satchel, and then cautiously withdrew from camix. I figured that as soon as he missed me he would go back over our trail, and so I headed to the east to descend the range on that face. I could not have been allowed half a mile from camp when I heard him veiling, and thinking he was on my trail I looked around a few feet up was an opening. It was not large enough to sheller me, but I crowded the satchel into it, and then set of in a wild flight which lasted for miles.

It was night when I got down among the foothills, and I had seen nothing of the banker. It required two days to get back to town and another day to organize a party to go in pursuit of the lunait and the money. There were twenty men in the party, and we were two whole days finding the spot where the wagon was burned. I had paid but little attention to the land barks of the country while travelling ahead of the banker, and our party was three days in overing what we had made in two was Mr. Drew's rifle. On waking up rad finding me gone he had rushed off and doubtless become loost.

Sixteen of the party divided themselves into squalst to search the creat for him, while the other four booked for the money. I imagined I could go atraight to it, but, as a matter of incl. We kept up the search for a week, and it was retined to him was retined for it simply as an ovidence that the banker was insane. Yes, he wa

## The Beginning and the End.

It is a hamlet of twenty houses-eighty peo ple nestling against the side of a mountain whose tree-covered crest is almost hidden from sight by the dark blue vapor which has hung there for centuries. To the railings on the north and east side of the humble inn are hitched a score of horses and mules. About the inn are twelve or fifteen men; on the steps of the general store opposite are as many more, non-residents of the town, but living in the county. A stranger would find himself wondering if the two crowds were strangers to each other, and if so, why the majority of the men should mutter and scowl as they looked across the narrow street.

At 1 o'clock P. M. the crowd at the inn moves

up the street to the schoolhouse. Ten minutes later it is followed by the other. Now we know what has brought these men from their homes

with the service of the control of t

## CANDLES.

Many Still Used for Various Special Purposes.

The domestic use of candles for ordinary purposes of illumination has almost entirely ceased: oil has taken the place of them, but a great many candles are still used for various apecial purposes. Candles are used to go down cellar with, and for servants' bedroom lights. They are used in breweries, in the vats, because they don't smoke, and they

SUMMER ON THE BOULEVARD. How Partsians who Must Stay in Town Pass Their Evenings.

Panis, Sept. 15.-The Paris Boulevard, that brilliant semicircle of broad streets which, ined with cafes, great shops, hotels, and heatres, reflects with such accuracy the tourist's idea of what Paris ought to be, takes

on a special physiognomy in midsummer. The Parisians to whom its year-round piggish iuxury is due are absent on their villegiature. Those who remain at home are said to do so pour raison de purée. To be "in the soup" is to be dans is purce, and they ring the changes on the metaphor, dans la mélasse (molasses), dans la panade (bread soupt, and even dans la pommade.

The Paris season properly ends with the closing of the Salon on the 1st of July. From the 1st of August until considerably after the



middle of September are the true Parisian dog days. The gar capital is depressed and almost dull. Especially in mid-August, when the Trouville board walk usurps the function of the Boulevard des Italiens and the glinting waves take up the decorative office of the dia-monds in the jewellers' windows, the Boule-vard looks almost played out:

Nothing to it that doth fade But doth suffer a sea change Nothing in it that doth fade But doth suffer a sea change into something not at all rich and strange. Worst of all, to come back to the panels, its plebeian color its speak metaphorically) oftends the nostrile of the very cafe waiters. The gargen who has served you, night out, night in, for months, sinks his appreciation of your personal worth into his general contempt for those who have been loft behind.

"Whom have we here? Bah, de la purée!" Stalking impudently along, thrusting his trumpery tors and pamphlets on the unwilling attention of those who sit out at the sidewalk tables of the cafes, as if he judged them proper recreation for such canaille, the camelol, or street fakir, lifts his volce:

"The little devil who marches all alone!"
"Its femme en Bievelette."

The very dogs that nose along the gutters and every weary tramp that airs himself upon the public benches will look round him



with a calmer case, as if the street were toned down nearer to his level.

It is at this unfortunate time of the year that so many tourists come to Paris. There is a cafétheatre on the Elfiel Tower, the museums are open and the shops. Along the Champs Elysées there is a species of summer-night café-concert gayety, not too taking. At the open strangers are exploited for the benefit of débutantes. At the hotel tables the fish is bad. Even the Salvation Army ceases to parade. The big, bright Boulevard, incapable and listless as it is, remains the centre of the life of Paris in the dog days.

Up the Rue Royale the dusty cabs roll sullenly, their drivers calling out bad names to other cochers; they use the childish, whining, throaty recitative affected by them when they wish to show off.

"Chameau!" "Animal!"

Bakers' boys, milliners' apprentices, common soldiers, and the great meb of the petite bourgeoisie who look so chie, so Parisian, when set in a background of respectability, become thresome to the eye now that they overdominate the scene. Summer excursion adwith a calmer case, as if the street were toned



vertisements on temporary board walls mock one with their "Ten Days in Switzerland!"
"Tour of the Norman Coast and Brittany!"
"Excursions into the Bayarian Highlands."
The stuffy climate of Paris in late August and early September, hot yet damp, sweltering in the morning, suffocating in the afternoon, and often with a sudden, clammy chill at night, is a cause of constant irritation to the rickety nerves of blood and bone Parislans. Even strangers in Paris by choice can feel an unrest while they are content. Happy are they who can wash it down with beer. Happy are they who can wash it down with beer. Happy are they who can sit at night and listen with amusement to the cry of second-hand books and worthless pamphiers on the Boulevard:
"Breasts of Fire, by Emile Bane!"
"Almanach, Comique, Amusante, et Fin de Slècle! Dix centimes."

11. Mad'moiselle, écoutes moi donc, de voudrais vous officir un verm de Madere : Mad'moiselle, écoutes moi donc, de voudrais vous officir un Amer Picon : So runs the latest hot weather song in Bru-ant's Mirliton. Mad moiselle, I wish to offer you a glass of Madeira. I wish to offer you and Amer Picon! The latter is a species of patent



bitters, one of the innumeratic apéritifs, half bracers, half digestives, which the enterprise of commerce has created to tickle the nerves of a long-languishing and played-out generation. Sherry coublers, highly decorated with fruit and not fasting exactly as they ought to, meet with only a fair success, except that their musical cracked ice and unusual straws, which suggest something in the nature of a plaything, sometimes attract the bored Parisienne. Absinthe is for the afternoon; wine is to go with meals; coffee is too nervous for these nights, and ice cream has failed in its century-old temple of Tortoni's. Undoubtedly the movement is toward beer.

Now beer in Paris is of two kinds—French (with which may be reckoned together the Holland, Belgian, and Strasburg varieties) and Bavarian. And of all the Munich beers in Paris, the Spatenbrau, as handled by the Tayerne Pousset, enjoys the greatest favor. At other Munich beer outputs, particularly at Vivier's opposite the Olympia Music Hall, you will meet with greater courteey from the waiters. You will also find more air and elbow room, and be less trodden on and pushed to tell the truth, come up to their beer since

dead run for the reaches braten break reason Fousset and the Spaten break the lead.

The Taverne Pousset, in the very centre of the Boulevard, below the fading Café Riche, the Boulevard, below the fading Café Riche, and across the street from the faded and across the street from the faded and



about-to-be-reorganized-on-a-chicaper-basis (Afé Anglais, is not a place to be recommended for its food. The prices are as high as at the best restaurants and decidedly beyond the value of the things sold. The mement you allow a tablecleth to be sprend, the walters begin their practice of forcing the market!

No soup? No fish?

The crebrows are alightly raised and the fellow bustles away with his soup plates superciliously. If you give a modest order of one meat and a vegetable to follow, he will delay the meat and bring you on a special Pousset egg as a hors-l'œuvre-it is nothing but a cold meat jelly with a poached egg imprisoned in its centre and a slice of cold ham stuck on top. It comes on in a little porcelain pot, the shape of a bathtub. Its price is 30 cents. Then, when you have ordered a "Vienna tatt" at 15 cents —dough and dried prunes—his face will light up encouragingly, as if you were doing better after all than he expected from your looks.

But to sit at beer chez Pousset is altogether

your looks.

But to sit at beer choz Pousset is altogether different and altogether pleasing. It is best on summer nights to sit out on the sidewalk There, having secured a table—no small



trouble—you may sit the evening over one glass of beer, with never a garçon to disturb you. Past you will come filing, like a pleasing nightmare, all the parading thisel of Paris in the dog days. The calls of the street pedidiers give the music for their marching. They are like Wagner's left-motivs. When they break in on the half-dreaming mind it is to warn, to promise, to explain, to call the wandering attention to the meaning of it all. They are an index, so to speak, of Paris.

"The Salut Presidentied!"

"The Salut Presidentied! is a wooden toy representing M. Carnot bowing eternally and lifting his hat. The Lature Practice is the anti-Semite agitating newspaper, and its new ery is "France for the French!" The phrase is a three-barrelled one, nimed first at M. Clemenceau, accused of being tampered with by England; secondly, at the Jews, who, being sharp in business, are disliked by the more casy-going French, and thirdly, at foreign day labor-



ers in France, whose regulation (expulsion?) is a matter of agitation among the lower classes and a plank in the platform of many a political candidate.

"Le Soir! Nine o'clock edition! Comterendu de la journée!"

"Occasion for planists! Fifty morceaux for fitteen sous!"

"The little dansense of the Moulin Rouge."

The electric lights are burning, quite as

"The little dansense of the Moulin Rouge."
The electric lights are burning, quite as bright and fin de-sicele-like as in the more chie days of the Boulevard, the spring, the early summer, and the autumn. Only, instead of the vivid, living pate-green halos which they make for themselves up in the foliage of the trees in which they shine they glow with a crueller, whiter ferocity. For the leaves are already falling. Those which fall are brown and withered; those which remain are scattered and sickly. The foreing atmosphere of the Boulevard brings out the foliage much earlier here than in other parts of Paris in the



spring, to die off prematurely. And as it is in the vegetable world, so in the moral.

Then nature said, "A loveller flower on earth was never sown." Thus nature spake: "The work was done-liow soon my Lacy's race was run"

HII. The Boulevard smells like a monkey house. Let us Americans claim credit for what we have and are. As a rule we are clean. We have bathtubs at home and are a means of introducing bathtubs abroad. American men in Paris are second only to the English in being smartly groomed. American ladies lead the world in freshness and wholesomeness.

Bum-bum! Bum-bum!

It is a Tunisian negro with a red fez and a tray of Turkish sweetments which he offers to the cafe patrons sitting at the tables on the sidewalk. The little French he has is with an



accent. He means to say bonbons, and what he says is "Bum-bum!"
"Bum-bum! Bum-bum!"
The negro is the coclest-looking man upon the Boulsvard. He wears white flannel. He does not sweat. He cannot sweat. He cannot oven look red and puffy.
The army of retired domestics files before you. They are truly de la panada, with their timid leers and melancholy smartness. When

they are tired they rest on municipal beaches. When it rains, they raise their umbrellas. Others of a dishifter grace, whom wifulness or folly only has prevented being at the Deauville races, glide amiling by, smiling all-pathetic, deprecative smiles.

"The Panama ditcher! fifty centimes!"

"The true method of laying the cards, according to Aime, Normand."

"Danse du ventro! Voici la Belle Fatima!"

The cries of the pamphiet-selling camelois bring back our minis to worldly things. For every glass of beer that we have drunk, there iles a round felt mat before us on the table. Ostensibly they are to keep the tables tidyone is brought you with each glass. Actually they are for bookkeeping. You pay at the end of your sitting. The waiter counts the mats. Five hears, fity cents.

It is 10 o'clock. The regular damp night braces, even chilly, has sprung up. To some this breeze, even chilly, has sprung up. To some this breeze, coming clammy as the hand of death, after the debilitating, stuffy heat of the whole day still lingering in the air, is more



than dangerous. It is a cause of sore throat, congestion of the lungs, and a species of dangerous cholera morbus.

There are many men in evening clothes, which they do not cover with light-weight overcoats. Some are strangers, Germans, Italians, and Signish, living over as nearly as possible the life of the Boulevard, which they had heretofore known in books alone. Some have been to see the ballet of Maissletta at the Opera, which was dropped for lack of success in the winter season. Some, confirmed Boulevardiers like Catulle Mendes unable to breather any other air than that of Paris, have been dining. They ignore that it is the last of August, that the Boulevard is given over to tourists and canaille. Others are posers, who purchase a cheap glory, hoping to pass for kings of chieness, and raising unrealizable hopes among the army of one-time servant girls and cooks and washerwomen.

"Figuro-photographe":
"Jewish France, ten centimes!"

Figaro-photographe "
"Jewish France, ten contimes !"
"Paris-Sport"
Hitherto it has been no small amusement to



open highway, in the clear electric light, with

open highway, in the clear electric light, with the eyes of a dozen nationalities upon them unconscious, enger, and innocently unashamed. A man will jump up from the table next you, speak to a lady walking on the pave, tring her back in triumph, and plump her down beside your wife and children.

"France for the French."

"Journal des Cocottes."

Soon it will be the hour for the pretty figurantes of the theatres and music balls to be passing down the street on their way home. Already there have massed two English girls whose extreme youth, brilliant complexions, magnificent hair, and self-conscious manners have made tien, for two weeks one of the midsummer sights of the gapers of the Boulevard at night. They belong to the Pansy Quartet from the London music halls. They perform nightly at the Unmpla, a few blocks above, where, costumed in sky-time high slik hats and sky-blue silk nisters, they do such song as. "Oh, weare the rowdy-dowdy boys!" songs as, "Oh, we are the rowdy dowdy boys" and pa-s from Gayery bar confidences to Fleet street flirtations, and from imbedic sobriety



to scarcely more imbecile tipsiness in the approved London style:
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, dear
boys:

We are out, we are out on the spree, dear boys

At half past 10 their turn is over, and their passing down the Boulevard to their hotel is an event engerly watched for. They enjoy the stir they make, but it is believed they have encouraged no one. No one thinks of speaking to them. It is understood they are only to be looked at.

And, indeed, their bashful effrontery, the bridling, glagding estarsy with which they receive the searching starse of full two thousand men and women, their raughty-girl sirs and ticklish graces complicated by a monumental mixture of native innecence and acquired hard nerve, are sufficiently amusing of themselves. Parisians, who are rather gournness than gourmands, find it only seemly to regard them disinterestedly. Like the Lady in "Comus" they pass free.

"Oh, is pau, is pauvre fille."

"Elia a casso sa bicyclette."

"Elia a casso sa bicyclette."

The sollers of new songs and damaged looks maintain their monotonous chorus, without



which something would be lacking. The bourgeois families have departed one by one. A father passes carrying his sleeping child upon his shoulder; a mother engineers her little brood along in the direction of the omnibus stand. Like every one else, they have been out to take the air, to see the lights, to get away from their stuffy apartment-house rooms.

It is midnight and raining. You would scarcely think it summer unless you should look at the low shoes and filmy skirts that scurry by. Men and women still sit at the cafe sidewalk tables, huddled under leaky awnings, doggedly boiding their places. They wish the evening would not end. They know to-morrow will be slicky, hot, oppressive. The night breeze brings rheumatism, but it also brings air to treathe and leisure—for these poople all must work. It is laris dans la decle.

The camelot has ceased to cry his iol-lot wares. With him the music of the Boulevard has ceased. With the shower the promenade is over. It only lacks that the electric lights resembiance to a theatre.

At 2 clock the yellow points of gas lamps cast a sickly light on the last cafe customers. At 3 o'clock the seavenger and the bighway assassin have the great street to themselves. At 5 o'clock the milk wagons and the country carts pass by. Another day of heat, which seems greater than it is because of dampness, another treadmill round for the two millions and a quarter in the purce, the panade, the melasse, the pommade, and the soupe au pain.

LEPROST IN INDIA.

The British Commission Finds No Evidence that It is Contagious or Rereditary, or that Its Increase is a Master for Alarm. A great amount of new information, full of striking facts and conclusions about the strange, dread disease of leprosy has been published in Calcutta in a special report by the Indian Government. It is the result of some six months' thorough investigation of the subject throughout the Indian Empire by a special commission, composed of medical men of the highest scientific skill and special fitness for the work. For some years past reports have been circulated in India and Great Britain of an alarming prevalence and recent great increase of leprosy in India, and about a year ago these reports engendered quite a scare, which resulted in the appointment of a Commission to investigate the whole leprosy question with the greatest thoroughness. Three Commissioners were suppointed in England, one each by the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the National Leprosy Fund, and two Commissioners were appointed by the Indian Government. All the members were especially qualified for the

geon-Majors in the Indian medical service, of wide experience with the disease in its home. The Commission spent five months in travel-ling to all parts of the country, visiting asylums, examining lepers, and investigating social, sanitary, and climatic conditions. Some 2,500 lepers were personally examined. Afterward the Commissioners met at Simla and conducted a long series of pathological and bacteriological researches. Every civil surgeon and every medical man who could contribute anything to the investigation through out all India did so through a list of questions sent out by the Surgeon-General, and thus the inquiry was made remarkably complete, and the best possible basis afforded for the formation of conclusions by the experts.

work, the two appointed in India being Sur-

are Better Than Doctor's Stuff, "When the Adirondack native becomes afflicted with any of the numerous small ills which make mankind wretched." said the returned summer visitor, "he does not waste much time on doctors, but goes straight to the woods or his attic for nature's own remedies. There is one old man whom I have met with. packbasket on shoulder and shears and a

rough board stool in his mittened hands, going

after yarrow, which, dried, is a standby for

WESTWARD BU! OR EASTERN HOME? Some Pointers to a Young Man who Bestree

Information on that Point, A young man, who signs the initials T. L. S. to his letter, writes to THE SUN to ask for advice about going to one of the Western States in search of health and fortune on a ranch. He says that he was born in New York city and has lived here all his life. He is 26 years old, has been a clerk and bookkeeper for nine years, and is unmarried. He finds that his work does not agree with his health. He has no cash capital beyond that required to pay for his passage across the continent, but he thinks that he could learn to do some kind of farm or ranch work, and he is willing to try if he can

get the opportunity.

THE SEN cannot advise this young man definitely whether he ought to go or not without knowing more of his characteristics, of his energy, mental capacity, and ability to adapt himself to surroundings that are wholly strange. But some things can be said about such a change in the career of a young man that may be a benefit not only to T. L. S., but

to others who, like him, are discontented with their present surroundings.

The old sailor's advice to the naval ap-prentice will apply to T. I. S.: "Don't you never let go your hold on one rope, sonny, till you've got a right good grip on another." For the present he should stick to the bookkeeper's desk and by a little extra economy accumulate enough more money to pay board at a hotel for a few weeks when once he is out

West. The money will come hands.

While doing this something may be done toward getting a grip on a new rope, and so prevent a fall when the one in hand is re-leased. All of the great railroads that cross the continental divide have offices in New York, and a part of the business of these offices is to give information to people who want to emigrate. They all have, indeed, what they call emigration bureaus. Write to the

tribute arriting to the investigation through and all fields due to the past int of question and little due to exclusive as that of question and the property of the control of the contro

KILLED HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S WIFE, A Colored Beaf Mute Put in Jail for a Tere rible Crime.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Sept. 28.-Mrs. Hedley Wheary, colored, about 30 years of age, was killed yesterday by her brother-in-law, Edward Wheavy. The murderer is 20 years old and a deaf mute.

He is a son of Joseph Wheary, a farmer, who

and a deaf mute.

He is a son of Joseph Wheary, a farmer, who, with his when it has been made into a wicked looking brew. Fir-balsam, coaxed drop by drop from the 'blisters' which swell on the balsam fir at moonfuli, is a severeign remedy for lung and cheet complaints.

"Gravel weed, by which name they insult trailing arbutus, is excellent for the complaint which gives it its name; and bladder root has a desirable effect on the kidnows and neighboring organs. Sage lon, containing a little summer savory, is efficacious for worms in children, for which belimonia, steeped, is also used Sundower seeds, steeped, stailed, and sweetened with molasses, will cure the whoop in whooping cough. Horsoralish leaves, wilted and bound on the face and back of the neck, will drive away neutraliza and a nutmer, bored, and fied about the neck, will keep it away. The nutmer must be removed about once every six weeks.

"Unions, silved, pounded, and placed in a cloth and laid over the affected part, will draw out inflammation. A red onion, halved, and with one part slightly scooped out and the cup placed over a carbinele or a boil will speedily remove the pus, and has sayed life. A red worsted string tled about the neck will care and prevent nose bleed. This last calls for some credulity ope might think, but I have seen it proved in one or two instances.

There are many more of these simple remedies in the North Noods pharmacopyria which the wise ones have at their fingers' ends; and in an excited state of mind, carrying a notato they are not more widely used, and money kept in the overalls of the thrifty native, it is because a lenient and fortunate fate presides over the incomes of the Adirondack medicos."